

OUR DUMB

animals

MARCH

194

INGS ARE LOOKING UP.

BACK

UP

VENTION OF COUNTS

to ANIMALS

BACK

UP

VENTION OF COUNTS

EDUCATION





Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

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Harold Present - Humanitarian

MORE than ten years ago we had the good fortune of engaging a young man named Harold Present as an agent for the Humane Society of Missouri. We have never hired anyone who has been more of a credit to the humane cause.

His fame, by this writing, is nation-wide. His daring rescues of animals trapped in caves, sewers, quarries, or any other places the reader can imagine, has made him known to newspaper and magazine readers in nearly every state.

He has been showered with medals from state and national humane societies — the Boy Scouts of America presented him with a beautiful plaque — and, recently, Kiwanis International gave him its coveted award during a special "Harold Present Day" celebration.

The United States government, governors and mayors have been only too glad to join in paying tribute to this man.

All this adulation, publicity and honor could easily have turned the head of a lesser man, but Harold Present has remained the most modest and unassuming person we know. He possesses the most captivating smile and exudes good nature and humor, which, combined with a six-foot-two physique and 195 pounds of weight make him the ideal humane officer.

If you were to ask him why he continues to risk his life to save the lives of animals and do it for a very modest salary, at that, he then replies — "I just love animals and *must* help them whenever they are in distress."

Our Dumb Animals pays tribute to this modest hero, who continues his wonderful work for animals in Missouri. Due to his unselfish efforts, unfortunate animals in his State have benefited greatly. May his work continue for a long time to come.

E. H. H.

See picture on page 18

The Other Side

THE following letter is being published with the permission of Joseph Garretson whose column appears regularly in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The letter speaks for itself:

Not so long ago we devoted some paragraphs in this space to a certain Mr. Jack Mittelhauser's affirmative arguments on a topic which might be entitled: "RESOLVED: Dogs are no good and we ought to get rid of them." There was considerable response to Mr. Mittelhauser's argument with most of the letter-writers taking the negative side. One of the best answers was typed out by Mrs. Robert E. Coady, and here it is:

"I guess I'm answering Mr. Jack Mittelhauser because I know when I go out and look over my flower garden I'll have to look my neighbor's dog in the eyes. (I have cats myself, but I can't resist dogs either.) I don't care what the dogs do to my flowers, the damage is not irremediable. And this goes in caps—I DON'T CARE WHAT THE KIDS DO, EITHER. And here's the point of this letter: Those persons who move to the suburbs and complain about kids, dogs and cats should have moved out a little farther to the cemetery. There they will find all the quiet, the order, the immobility they deserve.

"Whatever human warmth we have—and God knows it's that warmth that classifies us as humans—responds to a wagging tail and a pair of appealing brown eyes. Tenderness and compassion are antonyms of brutality and cruelty. We must never forget that. And we must never forget that man reached his estate by kindness to animals. Then, we are told, he became a little more kind to his wife and children. After a time he stopped growling and snarling at his neighbors. So the people who love animals are really on the side of the angels; for the love of animals is really the love of life.

"What is it we love in our dog? We love first his droll humor. He entertains us with his antics every day of our lives. We love his devotion; his joy at our return. Nothing in the whole world of animals—and that includes man—can twist and prance his joy at the sight of us as a dog can (we all want to be liked and, all our dogs like us). We love him for his loyalty. We know that he won't flit down the street to a man who can give him a bigger bone. We know he won't use us to make that sale. We know that he will stick with us when hardship comes. We know so much more that we could fill a paper like the *Enquirer*, but our knowing will never convince a man like Mr. Mittelhauser.

"We know, too, that animal lovers are better human beings than those who hate them. It is such ancient knowledge that it comes to us by instinct. When I come down a dark street, alone at night, I am never afraid of the man who is walking his dog. As long as he is walking in front of me or behind me, I know that A FRIEND OF MAN walks the same street with me. There are exceptions, of course, but statistically speaking, this is a fact.

"What makes it a fact? Love, whatever it is, opens out like a flower. . . . It is out-going, out-blooming, out-reaching to other life. If you love a dog, you love life. Those unfortunates who dislike animals never really matured, never really bloomed. I hope I have made myself clear. When I say I love life, man, I REALLY love life."

* * * *

Mr. Jack Mittelhauser, the man whose dim views about dogs aroused such a storm in this column over the last two weeks (and in direct telephone calls to him) is taking himself right out of the controversy. He's buying a dog, and he's going to give it to his daughter, Jacqueline, on her 13th birthday.



Peter, David and Cynthia, children of Mr. Fred Garrigus, director of public affairs at Radio Station WEEI, think these five Great Dane puppies are just right.

Sincere Appreciation

THE following letter was received recently from a life member of our Society. We deeply appreciate this member's thoughtfulness and the suggestion with which the letter closes.

"Appreciating the high cost of living which affects everyone, although I am a life member of your Society and therefore entitled to *Our Dumb Animals* as long as I live, I am nevertheless enclosing \$20.00. This will cover the extra cost of my magazine for ten years.

"You might say in your next issue that one life member has sent in the amount to cover the extra expense of publication for ten years and express the wish that others might do the same."



Mental Telepathy

AND here is a letter sent to our Springfield Branch as a Christmas message from her departed pet:

"Being up here in these happy clouds—some call it Dog Heaven—gives me the happy privilege of watching my mistress even though she can't see me.

"At first I was jealous of that funny little taffy-colored bundle, but I know now that she had to feel the 'liveliness' of the devotion that only a dog can give. I'm glad she has that 'funny little bundle' of dog even though I still know 'I'm head man.' You see, once in a while, I hear my name called, but my tiny wings aren't strong enough for my body, so I can't get through.

"But, my mind can get through to her, so I'm asking her to send you a wee material gift for maybe only one little fellow who will need the care and affection your staff gave me when I needed help.

"I know you give your time, care and love with no thought of compensation behind it. I've watched your doctors take some pitiful sights and bury their noses in the matted hair on the broken body. But even though money can't buy love and care—at least it can help to buy a pill or two to help another broken dog.

"The dog I mean in the above paragraph is sitting along side of me now—he, too, has little wings, but he didn't have a 'Missy' so he can't get through to her. So, for the two of us—the dog who had an adored mistress and the one who had a cold stone for a bed, we both wish you all a very happy holiday and hope that our little contribution will help somewhere, sometime, somehow." Signed, "Jasper."



A DOG is the only thing on this earth that loves you more than he loves himself.

—Dr. F. W. E. Peniston

About Men



Photo by Grant Duggins

And Animals

By RUBY ZAGOREN

In ancient Egypt, the cat was revered in Bast, the cat-headed goddess.

ANIMALS have always been a source of intrigue and wonder in the minds of men. The early primitive scarcely distinguished between himself and the animal, for did not animals move about even as he did? And were not animals vitalized by the same spirit as he? To his mind, all life was homogeneous; therefore, the animals were his brothers. Sometimes animals were even regarded as the progenitor of a particular clan. The primitive, consequently, named his children after their animal brethren. We have evidences in the Old Testament which reflect this distant and now forgotten past: "Rachel is an ewe and Caleb, a dog." The savage did realize, however, that in some respects he was superior to the animals; he could talk, and, as far as he could see, animals could not. But animals were much superior in their sensory powers.

That animals were considered akin to people is shown in a number of different beliefs held at various times in the history of mankind. Transmigration shows

a belief in animals and their ability to possess a soul. Among the Shamans the horse is considered a psychopomp, that is a bearer of the soul to the afterlife; the Persians regard the dog as their psychopomp.

Through the course of time and history, different animals were singled out as possessors of distinguishing traits. The fish becomes a symbol of immortality since it lived in the water and water meant death to most persons. The whale which preserved Jonah's life is an outgrowth of this belief. The serpent has gained a reputation for being cunning and wise. In the Old Testament, it was a diabolic, accursed figure. Its sinuous motions, its fascinating beady eyes, its forked tongue and its mysterious habit of staying near trees and tombs, have all combined to make the snake an object of wonder and mystery. Horses have been and still are regarded as the possessors of a divining power. The sense of direction, termed horse sense, has led to this belief. The fox is credited

with craft. The eagle is noted for its size, its strength, its graceful figure, keen vision and powers of flight.

The human imagination has elaborated upon human observation until the animal becomes more than an animal. He is endowed with a mentality, a personality—he is really man's brethren. In the story of "Reynard, the Fox," which captured the minds of men from the Middle Ages till now, we see an animal with human motives, human spirit, in an animal world that is very like our human world. The author of Genesis imagined the sinuous snake the incarnation of the insinuating devil who tempted Eve. In Chaucer's "House of Fame" we see an eagle invested with the human characteristics of talking continuously, incessantly, of scorning fear in his own advantageous position, of reading a person's mind.

When human imagination is added to human observation of animals, there is little doubt why animals have always been a source of intrigue and wonder.

Thanks, "Fella"

By DON GREEN

HE was a small black and white dog. Shaggy and desperately in need of a bath. A street-urchin. One of those friendly little hounds of no special breed or class, that seem to appear from nowhere; linger for a moment then disappear.

It isn't likely that I would have seen him at all, except that we both had the same purpose in mind; to cross the street through heavy, and fast moving traffic and still remain able-bodied.

I saw him make one attempt, but he couldn't negotiate it and came scooting back. He tried again as I approached the curbing but the traffic jammed up on him and he narrowly escaped being run down.

Tires squalled in protest at suddenly applied brakes, horns blared at him with those quick short blasts that scare the wits out of man or beast. He scuttled back in a record run, tail between his legs and ears flattened. This time he was really frightened. Trotting a short distance away he turned, and with head cocked to one side stood watching me.

As soon as traffic cleared sufficiently I stepped into the street. The little pup came running over and started across with me. He kept close to my heels, matching his pace with mine: as I hurried to cross ahead of a car or slowed up to let one pass.

When he reached the other side I stopped and looked down at him, waiting to see what he would do. The little mutt looked up at me through bushy eyebrows, wagged his tail a couple of times and screwed up his face in that funny dog grin, his bearing and expression eloquently saying: "Thanks 'fella' I'll do as much for you sometime."

Not to be outdone in politeness I said, "oh kay, pal, you're welcome." He sneezed, shook himself and trotted off about some canine business he had in mind.

DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



LACK OF SLEEP
WILL KILL A DOG
IN FIVE DAYS



SO DENSE IS
THE UNDERCOAT OF A CHOW CHOW THAT
EVEN WHEN DOUSED WITH A BUCKET OF
WATER ITS SKIN REMAINS DRY



THERE ARE AT LEAST 365 RECOGNIZED
BREEDS OF DOGS IN THE WORLD—
ONE FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR

© 1949, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

The Immigrant

By MARGUERITE NIXON

A G.I. had picked him up in Europe and brought him home. At that time he must have been a cuddly, wooly pup, but now he bore no resemblance to anything that had ever been small and pocket-size. He was clumsy and completely ugly and the biggest dog we had ever owned on the ranch.

His name was Bob. So he had an American name anyway.

To the other dogs he was an outsider, a foreigner. Unfortunately he had stepped on Missy, and old Jess could stand erect under his body. Recognition of this alarming fact made him snap and growl at Bob in a fine show of bravado.

Yet he was so anxious to please and to find some niche in this new world where he fitted in. A pat on his massive head was enough to send him into ecstasies. There was a wistful, bewildered look in his eyes, as though the G.I. had told him wonderful tales of America while they were in that land of war, and now something was not going right.

"But what can he do?" the boss insisted. "Ranch dogs have to earn their way."

When the boss went out to ride pasture, Bob trotted along and regarded the cows with mild interest only. When the boys worked cattle, he sat politely to one side out of the way of all activity and watched.

In January we awoke to a morning of overcast skies and cold, bone-reaching wind and a dropping temperature. All day the men and dogs worked to bring in the cattle to the windbreaks provided for them. All except Bob.

The last task was to bring in from the farthest fenced pasture the small herd of angora goats with which we were experimenting. This had proved an expensive hobby so far. The boss got them to an enclosure just as the first swirling flakes of snow came down. Bob looked at them his ears up. He sniffed them with the greatest interest. Suddenly he turned and started loping off in the direction they had come from. The boss yelled at him, and for the first time he refused to obey.

"Of all the crazy things—to go running off on a night like this!" the boss said stamping the snow off his boots.

He was not home by supper time, although I called and called. And all night it snowed softly and heavily. We opened the door on a cold white world. The boss in gloves and mackinaw started out to the corrals, and there by the gate was Bob.

He was standing motionless, head down, snow along his broad back, and between his feet, warm in the shelter of his big body, were two little angora kids. They had been overlooked in the rush of the evening before, and somehow Bob had known and brought them in.

"Good boy!" the boss said, leaning down to pat him briskly and brush the snow from his back. "Fine boy!"

Bob walked slowly and stiff-legged across the yard to where I held the door open on the kitchen's warmth. The other dogs watched silently and respectfully. Not one growled or threatened in the old way. Bob was a member in good standing.

Personality Plus

IT happened on the world's busiest bridge, the Oakland—San Francisco Bay bridge.

A mother duck selected the peak hour of traffic to lead her brood from the salt marshes on one side of the bridge approach to the marshes on the opposite side. With a flap of her wings as a signal and a polite, but commanding "quack!" she brought all traffic to a dead stop. Not a wheel turned, not a horn honked until Mrs. Duck and her seven ducklings, in Indian file, sedately made safe transit across the six-lane highway.

Then with one mighty "bravo" from many horns traffic roared madly on.

—M. Armeda Kaiser

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

AS anyone who has ever lived in the country can tell you, there's nothing that complicates the farmer's life so much as the pets, left him by vacationing friends, to be cared for and fed. Summer—the busiest time of the year—usually finds him catering to animals which are unhappy in a strange environment, and which, for that reason, require more attention than would be necessary under normal conditions.

During the three years we lived on the combination citrus grove and chicken ranch, we played host to more than our share of city-bred creatures. There were dogs, cats, goldfish, canaries and even a turtle for which we somehow found time to feed and keep happy.

The cats, which had to be fenced in so they would not stray, were a definite nuisance; the birds, requiring frequent baths and paper changing, a burden. The dogs, on the other hand, gave us little trouble. They ate with our pets and seemed not to mind the solitude of the feed room where they slept.

"Baby Face," a beautiful golden spaniel, was the exception. He was sweet to look at, but spoiled to the point of putrefaction. Unlike our dogs, he took no interest whatever in running about the grounds. All he wanted to do was sit on my lap and be petted. The moment he was set down, he'd throw back his head and howl as though he were suffering the tortures of the damned.

I was quite patient with him the first day of his visit. I took him with me everywhere I went, stopping frequently to pat his lovely golden head.

This special attention was almost more than "Buddy Bear-skin"—who is a jealous little beast—could stand. Each time I stroked Baby Face, he'd glare at our guest, bare his teeth and show in other ways that he thought the younger dog a sissy, in need of stern discipline.

"Mr. Blue," on the other hand, seemed to understand and to feel only pity for the little sad-eyed fellow. He tried to interest him in a game of tag; he washed Baby's face in an effort to comfort him; he played the clown, but all to no avail. Baby had never learned that he was a dog, and he wanted only human companionship and approbation.

By nightfall of that first day, I was sharing Buddy's opinion of our boarder. Half a dozen times I had sprawled over him and the time I'd lost in fondling must now be made up at the expense of sleep.

At nine o'clock I gave him a bowl of warm milk and carried him to the feed room and to bed. The minute I was gone, he set to howling and scratching on the door as though he meant to tear it down.

"He'll get tired pretty soon and go to sleep," my husband said, but he didn't know Baby Face. An hour later, he was still at it.

With every screaming nerve on edge, I finally brought Baby into the house. Our dogs slept in boxes in the kitchen and I put him in with Mr. Blue for warmth and companionship. But Baby Face had never slept on anything but a Beautyrest mattress, and he had no intention of changing now.

Eventually, he got his way. Unable to stand his whining, my husband threw an old blanket on the foot of the bed and tossed Baby onto it.

That should have satisfied him, but it didn't. He wanted to sleep with his head on my pillow, and being too weary to protest, I let him stay and breathe in my ear.

At four o'clock he wanted out. At four-fifteen, he scratched to get in. Back on the bed, he began to wash his feet. If there's anything more sleep-destroying than the monotonous lap-lap of a tongue at four-thirty in the morning, I don't know what it is.

At last, we gave up trying to sleep and got up. The minute we were out of bed, Baby nestled down to await breakfast.

"I can tell you one thing," my husband said as he dressed. "Either Baby Face mends his ways or off to a boarding kennel he goes."

Later, I saw that my day was cut out for me when Baby refused his breakfast, unless fed to him by hand. It was

"Mr. Blue's" Bedfellow

by Ina Louez Morris



"Buddy Bearskin" and "Baby Face"

about this time that Buddy, obviously deciding that the time was ripe for a lesson in etiquette, sunk his teeth in Baby's lip and hung on. This, no doubt, was the first time Baby had ever been attacked and he knew of no way to protest.

"Don't be a little meanie," I told Buddy, but my husband insisted I let our dog alone.

"It's about time somebody put Baby in his place," he said.

Buddy seemed to think so, too, and all that day he kept Baby quiet and in line, by nipping him each time he let out a howl. Ordinarily, when Buddy engaged in a brawl, Mr. Blue was right there to put a stop to it, but in the case of Baby Face, he adopted the policy of "hands off."

By evening, Baby was a very subdued little dog, but the night was still before us. How he'd behave when Buddy was asleep, we didn't know.

Once again, as a sedative, I gave him warm milk, but instead of the feed room, I bedded him down between Buddy and Mr. Blue. The minute the light was out, the racket began. This went on for perhaps three minutes, then all at once, there was a change in the tenor of his lament. Cries of pain replaced the drawn-out wails, accompanied by Buddy's deep-throated growls and Mr. Blue's rumbling bass. After a moment or two, the noise ceased and we all went to sleep.

The next morning we found that Baby had moved in with Mr. Blue and there, for the remainder of his stay, he slept peacefully and without further complaint.

A Detective Cat

By RUBY ZAGOREN

MY black and white kitten sat rigidly on the back doorstep. His tail twitched in anticipation. His golden eyes were riveted on the woods. A casual glance revealed nothing to me, but then I let my eyes follow the same general path that the kitten's followed, and then I saw scuttling along the ground a brown shaggy animal, a woodchuck.

Occupied as I was with the day's occupations, I might have missed this furry little visitor to our backyard if I hadn't stopped to see what my pet was staring at. Since then, whenever I see my black and white kitten watching anything with deep intent, I look to see what his gold eyes have detected. Once it was four cottontail rabbits chewing vigorously in the carrot patch. They were so cute that I watched them for a long time.

Another time my kitten's little head was turned upwards, looking high into the butternut tree. I looked, too, and there were a couple of gray squirrels running along the branches of the tree, evidently engaged in a game of tag.

One day, following the kitten's glance, I saw something hopping about in the garden. Ah ha, thought I, surely another rabbit. I peered as hard as I could; it was no rabbit; it was a robin.

My kitten has lent me his eyes, so now I need not miss any of the backyard visitors. All I have to do is watch the kitten; if he is interested in something, I look, too.

Our backyard has become a place of wonder and adventure since I've started to appreciate my little black and white kitten. He is a kind of detective who knows more about the goings and comings in our backyard than I shall probably ever know. He sniffed out a patch of catnip. Before, I thought it was just another weed. A neighbor tells me that catnip tea was an old favorite in days gone by. A fact learned just because our kitten discovered catnip, in his own backyard.

My kitten can sit for hours watching the lazy drifting of autumn leaves. Rain has a peculiar fascination for him. Because of my kitten, I have learned to love watching rain come down.

Seashells were something I always brought home from the shore, but didn't always know quite what to do with them. My kitten would rather play with a small seashell than with a rubber ball. He hits the seashell with an appreciative paw and then chases it through room after room.

Because of my kitten, I have become intimately acquainted with an old stone wall that is host for a chipmunk family; to a hive of bees that shares a corner of our house with us; with many little nooks and out of the way crannies. My kitten is an excellent detective.

Saint Patrick Legend

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

I SUPPOSE no great character of the past ever evoked so many legends concerning his work and character as that missionary of missionaries, the good Saint Patrick. And these legends show such praiseworthy and such miraculous deeds that all true lovers of the saint like to believe them true.

Among these legends is one that I never will let myself believe to be untrue. It is one that has to do with the youthful Saint Patrick's escape from his bitter slavery days at Connaught.

Those who know of those days will remember that, when he was sixteen, Irish raiders carried him off from his home in southwest England and made him a swineherd. There were also cattle and sheep for the lad to tend. After six years of near-torture, the young man determined to escape and finally managed to connect with a vessel on the coast that was heading for France. He was put in charge of a cargo of fierce dogs on the vessel. And here is where the legend I want to recall comes in.

The young man had no trouble at all with those dogs. He seemed possessed of a strange power that kept them docile. So, when the vessel landed at a French port in a few days, the dog tender was not allowed to leave. He was too valuable a crew member to let go. So, on into the Mediterranean went the dogs and their caretaker and this slavery lasted until escape to an island ended it.

Fortunately for that young man and for mankind, he made his way back to his English home, and as the tale, true

or legendary, runs he was called by God in a dream to return to Ireland. A lover of all God's creatures, that young Christian must have been especially fond of Christ's words, "Feed my sheep." He had fed the dumb sheep from his earliest childhood at home and later in Ireland for hard years under the weight of a cruel taskmaster's cross.

All this makes the way this saint of saints is depicted in most church windows in Ireland most appropriate. It is the rare memorial window for him that does not show him as a young man with his beloved sheep of the countryside.

A reason for this, the most cultivated Irish tell us, is that Saint Patrick, the man of God, seems beyond the imaginations of artists and sculptors to present in a way that seems to them in any sense adequate. A statue of him as the grown-up missionary is a rare thing in an Irish church.

I, for one, rejoice for the window portrayals of this follower of Christ, the eternal good shepherd of mankind. They truly symbolize the childlike humility of this beloved Irishman who set a standard for all who came after him.



Helpful Dog

A MAINE bellhop has trained his dog to act as his assistant. The little fellow carries small parcels in his mouth while his master carries the large grips and other heavy luggage.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Technicolor Fellow

Under a bushel he hides his light,
This modest golden mole;
His iridescent beauty is
Kept hidden in a hole.

His coat of many colors, he,
Apparently ignores;
While in his tunnel underground,
His food supply he stores.



BILL SAGERMANN



This badger is emerging from his burrow in search of food.

In the spring Mother Nature calls—

Wake Up, Sleepyheads!

By JEWELL CASEY

SPRINGTIME is really Nature's New Year. This is the season that many of the insects and animals awaken and take up where they left off before dropping asleep in the autumn for their winter-long sleep.

These winter sleepers, known as *hibernators*—from the Latin word meaning "to pass the winter"—are interesting for various reasons.

The hibernating sleep is different from the ordinary sleep or rest, as there are several variations in the degree of torpor into which these animals sink. It is true that some creatures appear to be in normal repose, but others are in a state of suspended animation, not easily distinguished from death.

Perhaps the champion sleeper is the groundhog. At least he gets more publicity than any of the other sleepyheads, and is the only animal that has been honored by a special day on our calendar. The groundhog retires in October to the underground home two or three feet below the surface, with entrance tunnel from ten to twenty feet long. Here he remains in deep sleep until about the last of March.

The watchman found them after dark,
Paw prints loud as any bark;
Etched within the still-damp run,
Where they ended, where begun.

Bears are usually considered hibernators, but are not in the true sense. The female black bear is not very choosy about her winter quarters—almost any place that gives privacy and protection suits her. Cubs, numbering one to four, are born in the winter den of the mother. The female polar bear selects a cave or large burrow under the snow for her den where she gives birth to cubs and remains several months without either food or water. Some male bears sleep part of the time, come out for food and sometimes return for another nap, while other male bears do not hibernate at all.

Badgers and skunks are classed as sleepyheads, but their period of sleep is broken several times during the winter. When the weather is mild for a few days at a time these animals come out from their caves or burrows seeking food.

It is said that every year millions of bats travel to the Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico, to spend the winter in hibernation, while countless others winter in dense thickets, hollow trees and old buildings, and smaller caves. They slumber with heads down, claws tightly grasping

limbs or walls. With the coming of warm nights, bats awaken from their winter-long sleep and come forth to feast upon night-flying insects.

Sleeping bags woven of fine silken threads provide snug winter quarters for various moth larvae, and sealed in shellac covered cases are the larvae of several species of butterflies. And there are several kinds of butterflies that hibernate throughout the entire winter.

Toads and earthworms burrow into the ground, usually under old planks, logs or something else that forms protection, while frogs burrow into mud. In their snug winter homes they remain until spring is well advanced.

The chipmunk and prairie dog store sufficient food into their underground homes so they can have food without coming outside to forage for it, but are believed not really to sleep any more in winter than in summer. However, they are seldom seen during the winter months.

Hibernation is Mother Nature's way of saving many of her creatures from starvation.



Wet Cement

By CHARLES MORTON

He didn't rave or rant or stutter
At the sight he looked upon,
But I heard him softly mutter;
"Doggone!" he said. "Doggone!"

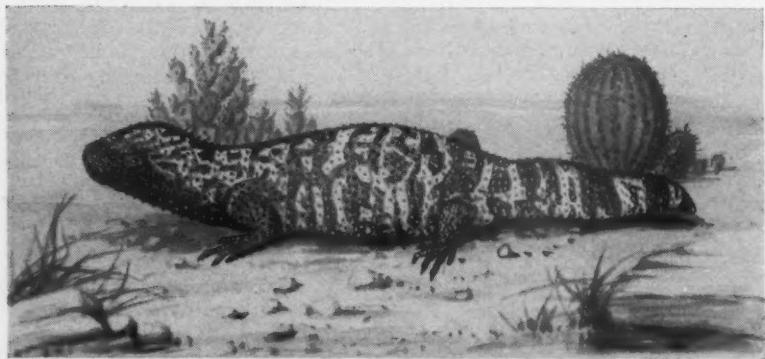


The young opossum hangs onto a branch with his tail.

NATURE has designed many interesting tails for her creatures, and although some of these tails may seem odd to us, they are exactly fitted for their owners' needs.

Rabbits, tapirs, peccaries, bears, pigs and many other animals do not have much use for tails, therefore they have been given short ones. But a creature that needs a long tail invariably gets one.

You have probably watched horses and cattle flicking the flies off their bodies with their long tails, and if you have ever been to a zoo you will have noticed that the husky tail of the kangaroo supports him when he sits up, and helps to balance him as he leaps through the air.



The gila monster's tail is a store-house for food.



We Use

by J. D.

Reproduced through the courtesy



The monkey's tail is often called his fifth hand.

imagine that a monkey twines either side of his tail about a branch, but this is not so. A prehensile tail has no hair on the side that grasps a branch. Monkeys of Asia and Africa do not possess prehensile tails.

Very possibly you will be able to think of other creatures who use their tails in a similar manner. The odd looking chameleon from North Africa winds its tail around a twig while it waits for some insect to come within its reach. The pretty little seahorse also holds onto some water-reed by its tail.

The young opossum in the picture is determined to see what

Animal Land

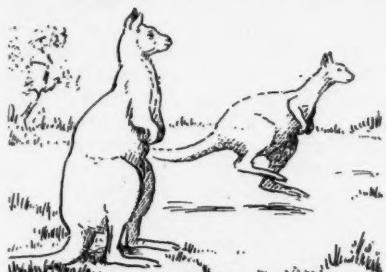
We Our Tails

By Kuenstler

Courtesy American Childhood and the author

is going on beneath him. He has twined his long tail around a twig to prevent his feet from slipping off the branch.

When he was quite small, he and his brothers and sisters often went for rides on Mother's back. The youngsters all twined their tails around hers to keep from falling off, as she climbed about the tree in search of food.



A kangaroo uses his tail when he sits up and when he travels along.

A Squirrel uses his beautiful bushy tail for several purposes. He waves it excitedly up and down as he barks a warning to some other squirrel. This long furry tail helps him to keep his balance as he springs from one swaying branch to another. And on cold nights when he is in his home and all curled around in a ball, he tucks his tail about his body for a blanket.

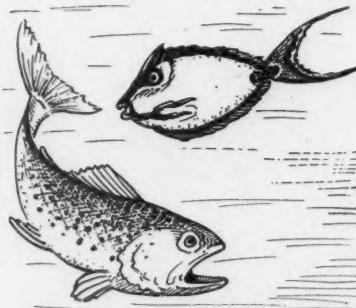
A Flying Squirrel could not "glide" so successfully without his long flat tail. It also helps him to make the upward curve just

before landing. As these pretty little squirrels do not leave their homes in the trees until it is almost dark, very few people see them "take off" or make some "perfect landing" on a distant tree trunk.

As you all know tadpoles swim with their tails. However, full-grown frogs and toads have no tails. What has become of them? When a tadpole's last leg sprouts, his tail begins to disappear. It is gradually absorbed by his body, and when he creeps forth onto dry land, the tail is practically gone.

The Gila Monster of Arizona and Mexico has a very odd looking plump tail. This orange and black lizard with its beaded skin, lives in sandy arid regions where food is very scarce for weeks at a time. But during this long drought the Gila does not starve. He uses up the extra food that he has stored up in his big tail.

After a rain period the desert plants come to life almost overnight, and all the birds, insects, animals and reptiles feast while the food supply lasts. Now for a while the Gila Monster has a wonderful time. He gorges himself with insects and small ani-



Fishes need their tails to swim.



The long flat tail of the flying squirrel assists him when he glides through the air.

mals. When he wants a change of diet he climbs a low bush and robs a bird's nest of its eggs. His tail, which was very slim at the end of the drought, now begins to expand, and the more he eats, the fatter he grows. He is storing up a new supply of food in his tail which will have to last him until the next rain season.

As he grows fat he moves about very slowly. Much of the time he hides from the sun's hot rays under the shadow of some rock, but if he is disturbed, he will swing his head from side to side and hiss.

When there is no more food left, he does without eating. Then every day that passes by, he uses up a little of the fat that he has stored up in his strange tail.



Birds use their tails when they fly.

Useful Cats

By CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

A CHAP came into a drugstore in Charlotte, N. C., and asked for a mouse trap. "Sorry, but we're all out!" was the reply. "But I'll lend you our cat."

Some time later the customer returned with the cat under one arm. "Thanks, it worked fine!" was his report.

And why wouldn't it? Aren't cats the original four-legged mouse traps?

* * *

A house cat can be of use as a weather forecaster. If it puts on heavy fur in the autumn, prepare for a hard winter. If it wants to eat all the time, look for a cold snap; and if it eats but little or declines to eat in the winter months, count on a run of continued warm weather.

* * *

Money is appropriated by the government for keeping cats in post offices. Otherwise rats and mice might work havoc among mail sacks.

* * *

A man who owned a filling station trained his cat to call him whenever a car drove in for gas. The feline assistant would jump up and ring a bell which was attached to the gas pump.

* * *

In Oakland, California, it seems that a watch cat in a laundry saved a man from drowning who had fallen into a vat. The cat mewed in a manner which brought aid. He had the cat to thank for preserving his life.

* * *

"Mickey" and "Sparky," a cat and dog of Brooklyn, were decorated for saving twenty-eight people from possible death from gas in an apartment house. Me-ows

and barks enabled dwellers to escape without injury.

* * *

A cross-eyed Siamese acted as a sort of assistant to an artist who had been commissioned to paint a mural for the Placerville, California, post office. Its name was "Turpentine"—which seems appropriate enough—and the artist depended on Turpentine to keep intruders out and also to make announcement with a "yowl" that someone was at the door—or that the telephone was ringing. Moreover, Turpentine—cross-eyed or not—was credited with bringing the artist good luck.

* * *

From Idaho Falls, Idaho, comes the tale of a family cat which replaced a worn-out alarm clock. The cat would scratch on the bedroom window and meow with commendable promptness at seven a.m. An alarm clock which didn't have to be wound up.

* * *

In Albany, New York, it seems that the owner of a pigeon loft made use of a couple of fat tom cats to protect the one hundred and fifty birds from rats—strange as it may appear. For a matter of five years the cats made themselves at home in the loft.

* * *

And then, there was "Billie," a Persian cat belonging to Charles Brady of Brooklyn, N. Y. Billie disappeared one day from his master's home and was gone for fifteen whole months. Then, one day, he walked in at the door as though he had just been out for a stroll instead of, no doubt, striving valiantly all that time to find his way back.



Rivers of Animaland

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE thousands of streams that flow across the face of our land must have taxed the imagination of the American pioneers in their search for suitable names. They turned to animalland, of course, for many of these river names.

This resulted in some curious variations from the usual run of everyday names like the Fox, Bear, Beaver, Moose, Salmon and Raccoon rivers. A Hungry Horse Creek in the Northwest vies for attention with a Prairie Dog Town River in the Oklahoma plains' country.

Virginia takes doubtful pride in a Cowpasture River and Mississippi in an Otter Tail River. Texas can point to a Mustang Draw and Montana to a Little Big Horn River which is at least something of a wordy contradiction. It's the namesake of the Rocky Mountain, or big horn sheep that are native to the region.

An Antelope Creek and Coyote River are not unexpected additions to Western landscapes, but Elephant Butte Creek in the Southwest is something of an oddity in the catalog of Amercian river names. A Cow Creek in Kansas strikes a bucolic note, as does Connecticut's plain old Hog River.

There are Big Grizzly and Little Grizzly rivers, along with an Eel, Elk and Porcupine, but there is probably only one Kicking Horse Creek under the American flag. Nor is it likely that there is a duplicate of Wild Horse Creek, a reminder of Western pioneering days.

The early Spanish explorers varied the animal theme by naming one California stream after the butterflies they found fluttering along its banks. They called it the Mariposa River, the Spanish word for "butterfly." And they named another one Los Pulgas after—all that things—the common household flea.

Dove, Eagle, Pelican and Mockingbird are among the American river namesakes of our feathered friends. Serpents are represented by Snake, Rattlesnake, Copperhead and Gila rivers, the latter being a reminder of the Southwest's lethal gila monster.

Additional rivers of animaland are likely to catch your eye whenever you take to the open road in search of scenic America. They are all tributes to the nation's wild life.

Picture Sets

IN response to popular demand we are publishing a set of ten "story-telling" pictures, 8" x 9", and printed on heavy coated paper 11" x 12". These illustrations will be useful to teachers in classrooms, they will be ideal for framing and children will love them. The price—\$.60 per set. Order your sets now. Only a limited edition is being printed.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Pictures of the Month



Mrs. Malvina Mehrn, 87 years old, of Copenhagen, Denmark, is still doing humane work for animals. Colonel Mehrn, her husband, was Dr. Rowley's host when he visited Denmark some years ago to inspect slaughter house conditions.



(Left) Mahogany Boy's Monty, (right) and son, Lexington Town Crier.



A little girl says, "Good bye and thank you," as she takes her little dog home after treatment at our Hospital.



Eleven-year-old George Krimm, McKeesport, Pa., is shown with his invalid mother and his new dog, "Pal," secured through "The Animal World," a Chrysler radio program which cooperates with humane societies throughout the country.

Photo by Calvin D. Campbell

Eighty-first Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1948

DURING the year 1948, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals marked its eightieth year of animal protection throughout the Commonwealth. With agents and branches in every part of the State, we have been able to carry out a comprehensive program of helping animals in distress and investigating complaints of cruelty. Hundreds of thousands of animals are inspected yearly at stockyards, riding schools and everywhere animals might have been congregated for any purpose.

More than 50,000 animals were treated at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in Boston, and the Rowley Memorial Hospital, in Springfield, and some 1,200 cases were treated at our Martha's Vineyard shelter. This shows a definite increase over the previous year. We are more than pleased to see this increase in the alleviation of suffering, even though the deficit for just the two Hospitals amounted to approximately \$150,000.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank our many friends and supporters who, despite the heavy burdens imposed by present-day conditions, helped us to carry the responsibility of meeting the ever-increasing cost of preventing cruelty. Without such aid we should not have been able to carry on our activities in the various departments.

The report for the American Humane Education Society follows these pages and is self-explanatory. Suffice it to say here that we consider this work of inestimable value in training the youth of our country to understand the value of animal life and promote a nation-wide consciousness for the need of kindness.

A detailed statement of the work of our prosecuting officers in Boston and in our several branches follows:

REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STATE

L. Willard Walker, Chief Officer

Complaints investigated	2,441
Prosecutions	34
Convictions	31
Animals inspected	38,367
Miles traveled	255,082
Horses, injured or unfit for service —humanely put to sleep	283
Horses taken from work	68
Small animals, injured, diseased or unwanted, humanely put to sleep	49,727
Animals placed in homes	5,130
Animals returned to owners	1,160
Ambulance calls	12,869
Animals inspected at stockyards	726,602
Cattle, swine, sheep, humanely put to sleep	419
Ambulance mileage, Boston	36,274
Kept under constant inspection	
Slaughter-houses	80
Poultry slaughter-houses	83
Pet shop and chain stores	82

ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1948

Hospital cases	10,367
Dispensary	24,638
Operations	4,350

2. ANIMALS INSPECTED

On investigations only	9,101
At Stockyards and abattoirs	67,048
Auctions	672
Total	76,821

3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	77
Small animals (returned to owners)	10
(placed in homes)	49
(humanely put to sleep)	72
Horses (taken from work)	35
(humanely put to sleep)	21

4. Prosecutions 7, Convictions

Mileage	20,308
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ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1948

Hospital cases	3,348
Dispensary	11,656
Operations	1,659

SUMMARY

Total cases treated in Boston	35,005
Total cases treated in Springfield	15,004

50,009

Cases in Hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	296,200
Cases in Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	744,893

1,041,093

METHUEN SHELTER

Joseph E. Haswell, Superintendent

1. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	1,826
Small animals (returned to owners)	36
(placed in homes)	214
(humanely put to sleep)	4,005
Average number of horses cared for (per month)	14
Horses (humanely put to sleep)	10
Small Animals Buried at "Hill- side Acre"	119
Mileage	13,436

PITTSFIELD

T. King Haswell, Prosecuting Officer

1. CASES

Complaints received (investi- gated)	180
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2. ANIMALS INSPECTED

On investigations only	2,711
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3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	2,154
Small animals (returned to owners)	51
(placed in homes)	230
(humanely put to sleep)	3,845
Horses (humanely put to sleep)	9

4. Prosecutions 3, Convictions

Mileage	20,097
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SPRINGFIELD (OFFICER)

John T. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

1. CASES

Complaints received (investi- gated)	426
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SPRINGFIELD (HOSPITAL)

1. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	2,006
Small animals (returned to owners)	546
(placed in homes)	2,227
(humanely put to sleep)	10,389
Mileage	14,906

NEW BEDFORD

Charles E. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

1. CASES

Number Complaints received (investi- gated)	159
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2. ANIMALS INSPECTED

On investigations only	1,138
Abattoirs and stockyards	395
Auctions	1,092
Total	2,625

3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	3
Small animals (returned to owners)	2
Horses (taken from work)	6
(humanely put to sleep)	3

3. Prosecutions 7, Convictions

Mileage	35,205
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ATTLEBORO SHELTER

William J. Lees, Shelter Manager

ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted animals	529
Small animals (returned to owners)	6
(placed in homes)	68
(humanely put to sleep)	1,951
Mileage	5,884

BROCKTON SHELTER

Herbert Liscomb, Shelter Manager

ANIMAL RELIEF WORK

Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	433
Small animals (returned to owners)	13
(placed in homes)	124
(humanely put to sleep)	3,833
Mileage	5,165

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

H Y A N N I S

Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer	
1. CASES	
Complaints received (investigated)	62
2. ANIMALS INSPECTED	
On investigations only	965
3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK	
Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	638
Small animals (returned to owners)	6
(placed in homes)	2
(humanely put to sleep)	1,088
Horses (taken from work)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	4
4. Prosecutions 1, Convictions	1
Mileage	33,656

W E N H A M

Fred T. Vickers, Prosecuting Officer	
1. CASES	
Complaints received (investigated)	127
2. ANIMALS INSPECTED	
On investigations only	7,068
Auctions	1,949
Total	9,017
3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK	
Ambulance trips for lost, stray or unwanted small animals	101
Small animals (returned to owners)	1
(placed in homes)	10
(humanely put to sleep)	873
Horses (taken from work)	11
(put to sleep)	14
4. Prosecutions 5, Convictions	5
Mileage	17,049

W O R C E S T E R

Harry C. Smith, Prosecuting Officer	
1. CASES	
Complaints received (investigated)	86
2. ANIMALS INSPECTED	
On investigations only	2,721
Abattoirs and stockyards and railroad yards	3,369
Auctions	591
Total	6,681
3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK	
Small animals (placed in homes)	5
Small animals (humanely put to sleep)	12
Horses (put to sleep)	2
4. Prosecutions 5, Convictions	5
Mileage	14,765

M A R T H A ' S V I N E Y A R D

W. D. Jones, D.V.M., Prosecuting Officer	
1. CASES	
Complaints received (investigated)	9
2. ANIMALS INSPECTED	
On investigations only	19
3. ANIMAL RELIEF WORK	
Small animals (returned to owners)	2
(humanely put to sleep)	52
Horses (humanely put to sleep)	1
ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD HOSPITAL DURING 1948	
Hospital cases	168
Dispensary	1,047
Operations	128
Treated outside Hospital (large animals)	29

N A N T U C K E T S H E L T E R

Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager

ANIMAL RELIEF WORK	
Complaints received (investigated)	18
Animals inspected (investigations only)	88
Small animals (returned to owners)	20
(placed in homes)	8
(humanely put to sleep)	291

Chief Officer's Report

The statistical summary of the work of our Humane Officers speaks for itself. In almost every case, the number of inspections and investigations shows an increase over that of the previous period. Our Society has continued its practice of prosecuting for violations of anti-cruelty laws only in flagrant cases, and when corrective influences have failed to accomplish immediate results. The measure of our work is determined by its educational, advisory and preventive results and not by the actual number of prosecutions for cruelty.

Auxiliaries and Branches

To our Auxiliaries and Branches we extend our grateful appreciation for their outstanding help in furthering the work of the Society.

Excellent work has been done in Springfield, Winchester, Holyoke and Northampton by the officers and members of these four Auxiliaries. (See page 17)

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American Humane Education Society

During 1948 our four field representatives in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, Texas, and Georgia, have been invited to 473 schools. There they spoke to 124,956 children and formed 473 Bands of Mercy. Your Director of Education has spoken before many groups of over 2,000 children and adults and has conducted a weekly broadcast called "The Animal Club of the Air" of which there are over 3,500 enrolled members. Inquiries for suggestions on how best to present Humane Education are received every day from all parts of the country. This service calls for letters of encouragement, and thousands of pieces of literature to assist those teachers in far-off places.

Long before the calendar became a series of publicized, special weeks, an unknown lover of animals from South Carolina, Henry F. Lewith, conceived the idea of "Be Kind to Animals Week." Dr. Rowley, recognizing its potentialities as a means of informing the public about animal protection, heartily endorsed and sponsored the idea. Its success has exceeded all expectations. This year marks the 35th anniversary of the Week. Our Society, through the cooperation of the schools, press, and radio, and by distribution of literature, official proclamations, took an active part in the 1948 celebration.

Believing as always that the seeds of kindness and justice must be planted in the hearts and minds of children, the Society continued its annual poster contest. Nearly 60,000 school children participated and over 4,500 posters were sent in to be judged on the message of kindness and artistic merit. Over 1,500 prizes were awarded, comprising gold and silver pins and subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**. So attractive are the posters that requests are received from large department stores in Boston for a display of them in their windows.

Dr. William F. H. Wentzel, of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, was presented with our Society's Humane Key for his conspicuous service as an educator by your Director, at the Humane Convention, in New Orleans. Your Director, during the past year, has visited all our field representatives in the schools where they have been tireless in their efforts to reach as many classes as possible to spread the words of kindness. Hundreds of teachers have lauded their efforts to develop proper attitudes in so many boys and girls.

Letters of appeal are being constantly sent out, and soon a brochure of the two Societies will tell of our activities and future needs. Part-time workers may be one of the answers to our immediate needs. Your Director is planning on an illustrated hand book that can be used by both teacher and pupil, es-

specially in rural sections. He is being assisted in its preparation by the professor of nature study in Boston Teacher's College. Due to increased costs the continuance of our present broad program remains in doubt unless financial help is forthcoming. We cannot compromise if we are to receive the approval and support of school authorities.

With such a background of accomplishments, one hesitates to depart from the accepted pattern that has been so successful; however, changing conditions must necessarily affect decisions as to how best to increase the usefulness of the Society in carrying out the charter purposes.

Thus it was that the Rowley School of the Humanities was established at Oglethorpe University. As Dr. Weltner has said, "Humane Education has been called to a new imperative." New ideas about human relations must be fully and honestly analyzed. Competent, intellectual effort is necessary for a continuance of freedom and democratic processes. We are living in a world that threatens to brush aside everything we have stood and fought for. Science and culture have revealed the prospect of a better world for the future. Issues are no longer simple, local. They are complex in our interdependence with other nations. International relations, social welfare, crime, the relations between government and business are but a few of the many problems that beset our world. It presents an intellectual challenge that people inside and outside of universities must face. It needs men free to think wherever their thinking may lead. That is the purpose and scope of the Rowley School of the Humanities, the better to understand human experiences and to emphasize proper values. In so far as our funds will permit, it deserves our support, for in its broadest interpretation, such research is Humane Education.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Deceased Friends

Who Remembered Our Societies in Their Wills

The following left bequests to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or to the American Humane Education Society in 1948.

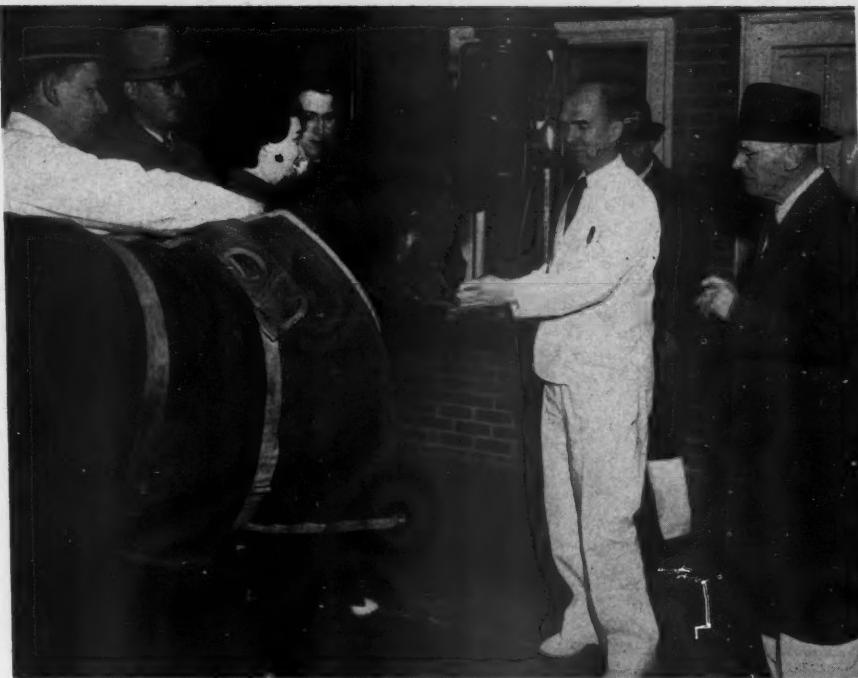
Marjorie E. Baldwin, New York
Amy M. Beach, Hillsboro, N. H.
Harriet E. Best, Greenfield
Amy J. Bird, Boston
Emelia A. Bolles, Brighton
Alice P. Brockway, Boston
M. Agnes Burke, Rockland
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Mary L. Cook, Barre
Alexander H. Copley, Milton
George P. Cushing, Hingham
Gertrude I. Desendorf, Providence, R. I.
Herbert W. Dodge, Blackstone
Mrs. Kittie W. Evans, Shirley
Jane Farquhar, Southbridge
Gertrude C. Gessner, Worcester
Mary Rhodes Gould, West Mystic, Conn.
Alfred Hirschi, California
Hattie M. Jacobs, Boston
Flora A. Jarves, Kingstown, R. I.
Lora P. Jenny, Brookline
Florence H. Johnson, Brookline
Lydia M. Johnson, Brockton
Mary Fifield King, Milton
Charles H. Marble, Hingham
Evelyn G. McGinley, Forest Hills
Lena E. McIntosh, E. Longmeadow
Mary Gardner Morrison, Brookline
Luther R. Nash, Danbury, Conn.
Edna I. Nichols, W. Medford
Lilla Noyes, Newburyport
William W. Poe, Everett
Charles D. Richards, Cohasset
Lillian Richardson, Lowell
Elvira M. Ring, Amesbury
Bertha M. Seymour, Longmeadow
Ida F. Serra, Melrose
Alice J. Stearns, Milton
Clarence E. Stone, Boston
Elsie H. Stone, Boston
Walter W. Swazey, Portland, Maine
Myra Elisabeth Tilden, Brookline
Suzanne Webb, Tennessee
George H. Williams, Boston
Frederick H. Wilson, Watertown



Auxiliary Reports

A REPORT from our Winchester Auxiliary shows that a variety of animals were cared for during last year. These included, cats, dogs, birds, ducks, skunks, squirrels and rabbits. Of the 600 animals taken in at the shelter, 57 were placed in homes, 10 returned to owners and the remainder put to sleep humanely. Our agent investigated 49 complaints, and made 769 ambulance trips.

At our Northampton Auxiliary, 1,022 animals were received at the shelter. Homes were found for 164 and 24 were returned to their owners. New officers elected were: Miss Helen J. Peirce, President; Mrs. Robert Withington, Vice-President; Mrs. Jessie B. Berwick, Secretary; Miss Florence E. Young, Treasurer. Directors are: Mrs. Arthur S. Warner, Mrs. Frank E. Dow and Mrs. Werner Josten.



The colt under the X-ray machine is afflicted with osteomalacia. In this disease the bones, particularly of the head, become soft and fibrous, and the head becomes enlarged. The condition is similar to that seen in children. Dr. Schroeder and Dr. Schnelle are at the right, while other doctors and hospital attendants watch with interest the taking of the X-rays. The case was brought to the Hospital by Dr. O'Conner, who is second from the left in the picture.



Meetings Attended in January

DOCTOR Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, attended the annual meeting of the Illinois Veterinary Medical Association in Springfield, Illinois, as guest speaker.

Doctor Schnelle spoke on the usefulness of the X-ray in the diagnosis of illness in the dog and the cat. Particular reference was made to the many congenital and traumatic diseases of the hip, to which dogs in particular are susceptible. He stated that congenital lesions of the dog's hip, in certain breeds of dog, cause serious and crippling illness later in life. Breeders of these animals should be warned that it is their responsibility to avoid the situation, wherein an owner acquires an animal destined to become crippled later in life because of this inherited hip disease.

Dr. David L. Coffin, head of the Department of Pathology, appeared as guest speaker on the program of the Ohio State Veterinary Medical Association, held in Columbus, Ohio. His talk was on leptospirosis, a disease affecting the kidney or liver of dogs, stressing the fact that pathological findings indicate that the disease is more prevalent today

than clinicians have believed, and that many cases previously diagnosed as nephritis are actually leptospirosis. He also spoke on contagious hepatitis, a disease of the liver in dogs, in which the tonsils become affected and high fevers result. He stated that many cases of tonsillitis and other respiratory infections, which might previously have been diagnosed as distemper, are actually due to the virus of contagious hepatitis.

Dr. Blakely was one of the guest speakers at the Rhode Island Veterinary Medical Association. His first talk was on "Some Problems of Modern Veterinary Surgery," in which he discussed the improvements in standards and techniques during the past fifteen years. Specific surgical diseases and surgical operations which are commonly encountered by the practitioner were discussed in some detail, with particular reference to problems which arise during such operations and how to cope with them. The second paper was in regard to leptospirosis in dogs, with discussion in regard to symptoms, and methods of treatment. A round-table discussion followed with members of the Rhode Island Association taking part.



Not four wise old owls, but four baby owls trying to look wise.

Queer Birds!... By DOROTHY HARRIS

THERE are a great many of our feathered friends that we can justly call "queer birds," for their habits and ways of life are truly queer and strange. None can be stranger than the bird who wears snowshoes on his feet. Yes, there really is a bird that has snowshoes *grow on his feet!*

The ruffed grouse, sometimes called the partridge, lives where the winter snows are usually deep. As he walks on the ground most of the time, he needs something to keep him from sinking too deeply into the snow. In summer his toes are just like those of other birds, but as winter approaches, a little fringe of stiff hairs grow out on each side of every toe. By the time of the first snowstorm, these hairs have grown enough to form a network that is quite as effective in holding him up as a real pair of snowshoes would be.

The loon is another strange bird. Not only can he fly as ordinary birds do, but by using his wings in much the same way that he does in flying, he is able to travel *under* water with great speed. He can beat most fish in a direct race, and the biggest part of the loon's food is made up of fish which he gets by chasing through the water.

The owl is another queer bird—queer, because he has the habit of being called wise. They are really no wiser than any other bird, but they look wise with their great round staring eyes and the lines around them that make the owl look as

if he wore goggles. If we want to know why owls came to be called wise, we will have to go back many centuries to the time when the Greeks were the most important people in the world.

The ancient Greeks used to worship several different gods and goddesses. One of these goddesses was named Athena. The Greeks built a beautiful temple to honor Athena. Near the temple was an olive grove, and in the grove lived many owls. After a while the olive grove near the temple became sacred to Athena, and as the owls were always in the olive trees, they too became sacred to Athena. Athena was the goddess of wisdom; and for this reason the owl has represented wisdom down through the ages!

Then, last but not the least queer, is the bird with the shock absorber head. All of us have seen our friend the wood-pecker hammering away with his bill on a tree trunk or branch. And probably we've stopped to wonder how the bird could hammer so hard and so long without hammering his head to pieces!

If a woodpecker's head were made like most other bird's heads he couldn't hammer so hard. But he has a very efficient "shock absorber" between his skull and his bill. Just where the bill is attached to the skull there is a thick piece of gristle that absorbs all the jar of the hardest blow. So the woodpecker doesn't mind hammering with his bill any more than we mind hammering a nail with a hammer!

The Literary-Minded Mouse By JASPER SINCLAIR

THE mouse is much more acceptable in literature than in the family closet. Despite the fact that he is one of the social outcasts of animal land, the mouse has plenty of proverbs, familiar sayings and poetic reminders to its credit.

Ben Franklin, the champion collector of proverbs, tells us that it was "By diligence and patience the mouse cut the cable in two." Older than that is the assurance that "When the cat's away the mice will play."

Youngsters in many lands have long enjoyed the musical adventures of the "Three Blind Mice." Nor would any collection of nursery rhymes be complete without mention of "Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock."

The poet Robert Burns once upturned a nest of field mice while plowing his Scottish farm. The incident supplied him with inspiration for the verses which contain the familiar line, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Everyone should remember the fable of the lion and the mouse. It has a modern counterpart in the novel of a couple of generations ago called "The Lion and the Mouse." Equally familiar is a more recent best-selling American novel known as "Of Mice and Men."

That favorite of all ages, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," reminds that "All through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse!" On the other hand, it is a somewhat doubtful compliment when we refer to a person as being of the "mousy type."

And Ralph Waldo Emerson said something about the world beating a path through the woods to the doorstep of the man who could build a better mouse trap than his neighbors.



Harold Present (left) receiving Kiwanis award.

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Place your order now for the 1948 bound volume of Our Dumb Animals, attractively bound in green cloth, with gold letters.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Blotters

Order your blotters for Be Kind to Animals Week!

The dates . . . May 1-7
Humane Sunday, May 1

The blotters are white on blue, printed in red and black ink, with picture of child and cocker spaniel.

The regular price is \$1.00 a hundred, but if you wish a special imprint, with name of your Society, there is an extra charge. Write for prices.

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500.00	Associate Annual	10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

The annual meeting of our two Societies will be held Wednesday, February 23, 1949.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1949.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes		
Ten \$2.00 prizes		

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

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Ten Thousand Words

JF one picture is worth a thousand words, as the Chinese proverb maintains, then, ten pictures certainly are worth many, many more. And convinced of this fact, we have done something about it.

After careful consideration, followed by talks with teachers, children, and interested adults, we came to the conclusion that a set of pictures that could be sold at a reasonable price would prove invaluable in many ways. Teachers assured us that such "story-telling" pictures could be used to good advantage in teaching their pupils. Children exclaimed over them and adults expressed a desire to have them for framing.

As a result, we have now published a set of ten pictures. Each picture is a story in itself. Each picture is about 8" x 9" and printed on heavy coated paper 11" x 12", just right for framing or for school use.

These illustrations, for instance, are large enough so that a teacher may hold them up in front of her class and ask the children to write the story as they see one in each picture, stressing kindness and care of animals.

The pictures will sell for \$.60 a set. We hope that many people will wish to place their orders for one or more sets. Every teacher should have one set for her classroom. An ideal gift for one of your acquaintance.

Send your check and order to: *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

